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From the Darlington Southerner.

ROSWELL SINCLAIR, OR FORGIVENESS.

BY MISS E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

"Do you wish to kill me, Mr. Sinclair? Take your hand from my throat, please."

He relaxed his grasp, and she sank with a smothered sob on the couch, while she put her delicate fingers around her throat, as if to ease the pain of the iron hand that had just left it. She grasped nervously the diamond necklace that encircled her throat. She shuddered, for she remembered that it was for such baubles she had sold herself.

Her husband stood sternly watching her; how she quailed before the fierce black eye that seemed devouring her with its angry gaze.

"Regina," he said at length.

She simply looked up at him. Oh! what a woe-begone, heart-broken look met his gaze.

"I have nearly killed you, have I not?"

"Would you had," she said passionately. "I had better be dead; death will be sweeter to me than life—life with all this bitterness, this woe."

"Why did you deceive me?" he asked sternly. "You know my nature; you knew the depths of my love; did you not know that I would sooner see you dead at my feet than know you had deceived me?"

She made no reply. She knew that she had deceived the man she had married; for long befors she had ever seen him she had loved, with all the passionate ardor of her nature, one who was now unto her as dead.

"You do not answer my question, madam; why have you thus deceived me? Why did you marry me when you loved another?" And again the fierce eyes glared angrily on her.

She said, choking down the sobs that were ready to smother her—"I married you for the reason that many a woman marries, for a support."

"Thank you, madam; I appreciate the compliment in being chosen to clothe, house and feed you. It is delightful to have a wife on these terms," and the dark eyes of Roswell Sinclair glowed with anger.

"Well, madam, I hope that you have been supported to your satisfaction," continued the ironical voice, "I believe that you have had all that any reasonable woman could wish; you have had plenty to wear, and plenty to eat. You were poor when I married you; I think you had but two gowns, you now have twenty-two, doubtless, and your neck is encircled by diamonds."

The miserable wife put up her hands and unclasped the diamond necklace, and gently laid it on her husband's lap.

"That is right, madam; before you go hence, you must strip yourself of your finery and your jewels."

She looked up at him with a wild, startled gaze.

"You will not drive me from you, Roswell?"

"Drive you, certainly not; I shall simply request you to find other quarters."

"A woman cannot easily make a home, Roswell."

"But she can mar one easily," he replied bitterly.

"I have no one but you, Roswell," was the pathetic answer.

"You have not me, or rather, you will not have me long; for I have heard this night that which has set my whole being on fire, and to-morrow we part forever."

He arose and hastily paced the room. Then seating himself, he said:

"Regina, I am not a man of words, but of actions. I am not a meek angel; there are some things I never forgive, and the man or the woman who deceives me once never has a chance to do so again. I bury them—bury them in a grave so deep that, so far as I am concerned, they never rise again. I cast them so far from my sight and my affections so completely, that, even in memory, they live no more. I have buried two men and one woman in this way; and you have dug your own grave, and now I am ready to throw you into its depths. To-morrow you leave my house forever—forever."

"O, Roswell, have you no pity in your nature?

"Pity! Was there any pity in your tones to-night, when I heard you say, 'Robert, I was always true; you forgot, but I remembered.' Did I not hear you exact a promise that Robert Arlington should keep inviolate the secret of his early love for you, for you said your husband was somewhat peculiar, a little jealous, and he would not be pleased to hear that his wife was once the betrothed of Robert Arlington. Ah! how you started when you saw my eyes at the window that looked into the balcony, and knew that I was in possession of your carefully guarded secret. I have heard it said that women are natural liars, and, by heavens, when I think of the black falsehood by which you got a husband, I think the saying must be true."

Regina grew deadly pale as her husband hurled these bitter words at her. Humiliated and insulted by them, she yet could only listen in silence.

"Well, madam, what have you to say?"

She dashed aside the tears that were blinding her, and said: "I did love Robert Arlington, but it was before I ever saw you. He proved untrue to me and married another. We never met again until last night."

"Had you told me this four years ago, when I asked you to marry me, you would not have been my wife. Do you remember that I asked you if you had ever loved any other, when you said you loved me?"

"Yes."

"Why, did you not tell me the truth?"

"It is so hard, Roswell, for a woman to confess to tell the truth," she said bitterly.

"Had you no other reason, Regina?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I was an orphan and poor; I knew the paths by which women gain a livelihood are beset with thorns that wound them at every step. I had not the courage to tread that thorny way; I did as many a woman does, married for support. I knew that I did not love you, and if I had only have had the noble courage, the self-confidence, that some women have, I would have gone forth and taken my stand beside the working sisterhood. I did you no wrong, Roswell Sinclair, when I married you. I brought you youth and beauty and laid them at your feet for gold. Even though I did not love you, I was attentive to your wants, and you have ever found me docile and sympathizing."

Roswell Sinclair, the man who never forgave, turned pallid at this recital, and his eyes flashed indignantly. He was a proud man, and it went through his heart like a sharp sword, this candid confession of the woman he loved. He sat speechless; there was anger, resentment, mortification, in his glance, but no pity, no tenderness, no forgiveness.

Regina Sinclair looked an instant at the hard, resentful face before her, then she arose and threw her arms around her husband's neck and said:

"Roswell, do forgive me."

He shook her off and said bitterly:

"There are female Judas's as well as male, who even now, as they did of yore, betray with a kiss."

"But you will forgive me?" she pleaded.

"By forgiveness, you mean that I will suffer you to remain in my house—these old ancestral halls—that I will shower diamonds upon you, and give you velvets to wear, and in return you will give me tolerance. But no, I will tell you no, the same house can hold no longer the deceiver and the deceived."

"You turn me into the streets, Roswell; I have no home but this."

"No, no, madam, I am not such a brute as that; only take your presence from my house, and I will pay for your lodgement elsewhere."

"Forgive me, and let me stay," pleaded Regina Sinclair.

"I never forgive!" was the stern reply.

"Never forgive!" and Regina shuddered. "God have mercy on those who never forgive," and turning from her husband, she threw herself on the couch and wept bitterly.

The next morning when Roswell Sinclair sought his wife's room, she was gone. She had taken nothing with her; her rich dresses were all folded up in the large chest; her jewels were in the ebony and silver casket where she had kept them; her desk stood on the rosewood table, and even her work-box remained on the bureau. He sat down and glanced around at the deserted apartment, that spoke so eloquently of its departed occupant. A cold chill seemed to come over him; he shuddered as he grasped nervously at the arms of the chairs. He looked up at the picture in its glowing colors, which his wife loved so well—Hagar going forth into the wilderness. How prophetic it seemed; out into the wilderness, the great black wilderness of the world, had gone Regina. He tried to think that he had acted right, even while conscience whispered that he had done wrong. He solaced himself with the idea that he had been deceived—grossly wronged—and that he had meted out a fitting punishment to the deceiver, and he was avenged.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord; and the human hand that snatches the word of vengeance from the grasp of Divinity will find that its blade cuts both ways—him at whom it is aimed, and he who aims it. Forgiveness, like charity, carries a double blessing: he is blessed who forgives, and he is blessed who is forgiven. It was years before the revengeful, haughty spirit of Roswell Sinclair felt this. In the meanwhile, he wrapped himself in the mantle of cold reserve, and lived in miserable solitude in his proud ancestral halls. When some memory of the woman he had banished intruded itself upon him, he strove to beat back the unwelcome visit by, "she basely deceived me," for he had not yet learned to forgive.

Thus in bitterness of heart, lived Roswell Sinclair in his gloomy house, asking no sympathy and receiving none. A shadow rested upon his home and upon his heart—a great darkness that could be felt.

Dark clouds, too, lowered over his country, which at length assumed the lurid glare of war. Glad for anything to break the gloomy monotony of his life, Roswell Sinclair was among the first wounded and taken prisoner.

Six years had elapsed since the night he had parted with Regina. His dark hair was silvered with grey, and lines of sorrow were engraven on his face. As he lay tossing in fevered sleep, on his little cot in the hospital, Sister Angela, the nurse, was arrested by the vision. She had not seen him before, as she was at a distant post when the prisoners had been brought in the night before. She gazed long and anxiously at the flushed sleeper; though sadly changed, she remembered well that proud, handsome face. What bitter memories rushed over her as she gazed at him; one more look, then she turned instinctively away. But her sympathy soon over-powered all harsher feelings, and returning, she took her seat on her low chair beside the sufferer.

Then the whole past rushed to her mind. She remembered how, in her early girlhood, Robert Arlington had won her love. She had promised to marry him, and after waiting patiently three years, he proved false to his vows, and married another. It was a terrible blow—a blow that seemed to crush out all the sweetness from her life. Then her parents died, and she found herself a penniless orphan. Then it was that she met, for the first time, Roswell Sinclair. Her beauty attracted him, he proposed, and though she almost shrank from his fierce love-making, she accepted him, and, in a few months she found herself his wife. He carried her to his proud home; he surrounded her with almost Oriental splendor; he loved her, but it was with that jealous, exacting love that makes a woman almost as miserable as positive indifference. He was passionate, jealous, exacting and unforgiving, and she pined even amid the splendors that surrounded her. She had guarded the secret of her early love well from the jealous gaze of her husband, but, in an unlucky moment, he discovered all. She had been driven from his presence out into the vast, weary world, and she carried with her only the bitter memory of the many years of harshness and cruelty. The large, hot tears gathered slowly in the eyes of Sister Angela, as she reviewed the bitter past, and gazed upon the sleeping form of the man she had once called husband. Yet no resentment filled her heart; she was ready—she even yearned to say—"I forgive."

The night wore on, and Sister Angela kept her watch beside the wounded man. An angel—a pitying angel—watched him as he slept, but he knew it not. The long rows of cots looked ghastly beneath the faint rays of the lamp, and some of the faces of the occupants were pallid and wan. The silence was broken only by the deep breathing of the sleepers, and a half-smothered groan from some sufferer as he vainly tried to court sleep. Occasionally, some soldier dreaming of home, would cry out the loved name of sister or of wife, and laugh happily in his sleep. Once only did Roswell Sinclair wake during that long night. He asked for water. Sister Angela handed it to him; he took it from her and drank eagerly, then, thanking her, he went to sleep.

But one night, the last night of his stay, as she walked through the ward to see how her patients were, she halted for a moment beside the bed of Roswell Sinclair. He opened his eyes and looked at her, and putting forth his hand he said:

"Regina!"

That one familiar word swept all the bitter past away, and Sister Angela burst into tears of gratitude and joy.

"My darling, my darling, am I forgiven?" said Roswell Sinclair, in low, broken tones, as the hand he held in his grasped him tighter.

Sister Angela could only weep and grasp more tightly the hand and sob, "Yes, yes, forgiven."

"Even as I forgive, O, my wife, my precious wife, how blessed a thing is forgiveness!"

And the next day the prisoner went his way. Sister Angela, too, was missing, and when the the war was ended, Roswell Sinclair and Sister Angela were found in the old ancestral house together, but the name she then went by was Regina—queen.

Divine spirit of forgiveness, if thy white wings could only enfold all of earth's children, what ceaseless melodies would make musical the world.

A Gallant South Carolinian Gone—Death of Col. James R. Hagood.

How often it is that the loved and the gifted die young! The ancients were in the habit of saying, "Whom the gods love, die young." Christianity recognizes the fact, that in the providence of Almighty God the most highly endowed of His creatures are often removed from the scenes of earth by accident or disease, ere the promise of youth can be redeemed by the realizations of mature manhood.

We write, sitting near the lifeless remains of a remarkable young man—a devoted son of South Carolina—a gallant ex-Confederate Colonel.

Col. Hagood died of the severe wounds that he received in the disastrous accident that recently occurred on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. His strong frame—his stronger will—his patient endurance—his marked composure—the attention of father, brothers, comrades and friends—the skill and the effort of his physicians—the love of kindred—a brilliant record—these could not save him. Death has laid its impress upon his manly brow. In God's providence, his time had come to die.

"He, the young and strong,
Who cherished noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

Col. Hagood was a remarkable man, and led a remarkable career. Born in Barnwell, South Carolina, he was the son of that highly esteemed citizen, Dr. Hagood, and the brother of Gen. Johnson Hagood—one of the firmest, truest and best generals that South Carolina and the Citadel Academy gave to the Confederacy.

From his childhood, Col. Hagood was characterized by unusual insensibility to fear. When a mere child, after some ghost stories had inspired the usual feelings in his little companions, he expressed himself as entertaining no fears whatever. Whereupon, he was challenged to go into a neighboring cemetery and pluck some moss from one of the graves. He repaired to the spot and returned with the plucked moss. This we mention as a characteristic incident of his childhood. During his boyhood, he was noted for his robust sense of honor—for his rigid adherence to the right. "Boys," he would say, "this is not right, and we must not do it." Young Hagood, upon reaching the proper age, became a cadet in the South Carolina Military Academy, in which his brother, Gen. Hagood, had graduated with the first honors of his class. His restless longings for the strife in which his State was embarked, led him to leave the peaceful shades of the academy for the fields of war. He entered the First South Carolina Infantry, Bratton's Brigade, as a private: rose to be Captain, and was promoted over eight senior officers to be Colonel of his regiment—this unusual promotion being made by the President of the Confederate States, for distinguished gallantry on the battle-field. At the time he was made Colonel, he was but nineteen years old, and his promotion came on his nineteenth birthday.

We deem it unnecessary to narrate at length his military services. Suffice it to say that he made his regiment one of the best in the service, and that his power of command and of attaching his men to his person, were marked features of his military career. He was cool, sagacious, resolute and daring. Tender and gentle in camp, he was a thunderbolt in war. He survived the war with a brilliant record—the youngest Colonel in the service. After the war ended, Col. Hagood entered the foreign naval service, as *a sailor*, before the mast. Here, he soon rose to the post of second mate, and was in the line of rapid promotion when he returned to his native State. He next became engaged in planting in connection with his brother, Gen. Hagood. But his enterprising spirit aspired to more ambitious employments. He determined to seek service in Egypt. Furnished with the highest certificates by ex-President Davis, General Lee, and others, he was expecting a commission from the Ruler of Egypt when he received his death wound. At the time of the accident, Colonel Hagood was on his way to Columbia, to attend the meeting of the Survivors' Association. On the occasion of the accident, his presence of mind did not abandon him. Although desperately wounded in the head, with his own hands he bound his handkerchief around the gaping wound, and then moving off, fainted away from physical exhaustion. He recovered from this state and was conveyed to Columbia. At the depot, his younger brother met him. Seeing him weeping at the sight he himself presented, Col. Hagood said: "Lee, be a man. I am badly hurt, but these things will happen." To his elder brother he intimated that he fully appreciated his situation and received it with a collected mind. During the days that he lived, there was some confusion of words, but none of ideas. He recognized all of his acquaintances, and knew that his father and brothers and friends were around him. He grew restless only as his death drew nigh. He died on his twenty-sixth birthday. On his nineteenth birth-day he was made a Colonel in the Confederate army. On his twenty-sixth birth-day—just seven years precisely thereafter—he died.

We have penned enough to show that remarkable qualities attached to the deceased Carolinian. A man of iron nerves, of strong will, of manly bearing, of lofty soul—in him the State has lost one of whom she was proud and upon whose right arm she might have looked for aid in the hour of trouble. How strange is God's providence! Here is a man who passed unharmed through the storm of war, and at last he dies from a railroad casualty!—*Columbia Phœnix.*

THE CHESTERFIELD ELECTION FRAUD.—In Chesterfield, all the printed Reform tickets were numbered, and a record was kept of every number voted, with the name of the person voting it. In this way, the Reform majority at Oro precinct was known to be 128. But the box was put in the hands of one of Rev. R. J. Donaldson's particular friends. Mr. D. was one of the County Commissioners of Election, and also a candidate for State Senator. When the votes were counted none of the numbered tickets known to have been put in were found, but others came out in their place bearing the name of R. J. Donaldson. Other boxes had a similar experience, and in due time Mr. Donaldson was declared elected by a majority of 31. He was immediately indicted for perjury, and at a preliminary examination on the 4th, was bound over for trial in January, with three others. At that examination, one of the precint managers testified to having seen a list of fictitious names, in Mr. D's hand writing, which was sent to his precinct to be added to their poll list. This case was so plain that the State board was compelled to give the election in Chesterfield to the Reform candidates.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

— It is said that General Cox did not appropriate any of the public money while in office. Such a wilful neglect to comply with the customs and traditions of his party was regarded by the Administration as an unpardonable dereliction of duty, and General Cox was made to walk the plank.

The Recent Conference in Columbia.

The defeat of *South Carolina* by the foreign adventurers who infest the high places of the State, had been anticipated by the true citizens, struggling in behalf of good government, some time before the election; and in view of the chaos of views likely to ensue, of the irritation necessarily resulting from the complete carrying out of the election law, that most monstrous and iniquitous system of fraud, tyranny and corruption—of that sense of injury and indignation natural under the disdainful rejection of the overtures presented to the colored people, to accept honesty, truth, intelligence and virtue, instead of dishonesty, falsehood, ignorance and vice—of the incendiary appeals to passion and prejudice constantly made to benighted and volcanic minds by new adventurers having no interest in the State save to despoil her—of the arrogance, presumption and violence of many of our misled colored people, their determination, under mad and irresponsible teaching, to carry on a struggle of race against race—it was determined to hold a council of the Executive Committee of the Union Reform party and representative men from every county of the State, to guard against the evils of irritation on the one hand, despair on the other—to protect our people from themselves and from their enemies.

That conference met in Columbia on Friday evening, 11th instant; some forty of the best men of the State, representing by delegated authority all sections of the State—men who had represented the people in a better day, in many a council chamber, and on many a well fought field, from Gettysburg to the Mississippi—wise and saddened sons of South Carolina; but they were earnest men, imbued with a sense of their responsibilities and trusts, and therefore neither phrenzied to senseless and spasmodic violence, nor palsied to despair.

As we gazed around upon those noble faces, we saw high and calm purpose and fixed resolve. We saw many there who, we know, feared God only, and loved the "old land," and we doubt not many of them had bowed themselves down to Him and sought his counsel and invoked His blessing on our consultations.

The scene revived a memory of many historic councils which desperate State affairs, precipitated by tyrants, have, in the world's history, rendered necessary; and the vivid likeness increased as the anxious hours of the long winter's night passed away and the intenseness of thought, purpose and patriotism lifted every mind above individual views, projects and feelings, merged all in the welfare af the State and gave assurance of the coming dawn.

The conference was secret in its session, as was necessary and proper, but is not so as to its results.

It fully endorsed all that had been done, and stamped the course of *the State* with *"nullavestigia retrorsum."*

It recognised the *verity*, truth and consistency of the positions of the people of the State in '68, "that the colored citizens formed an integral part of the body politic," and in 1870, that "the vast changes in our system of government," &c., "require that they be regarded as accomplished facts having the force and obligation of law."

It professed to repent nothing, to withdraw nothing of principle, policy or promise.

It yet recognized all responsibilities of the white race to the colored people of the State, and now in these quiet hours, with no candidates in the field, withdraws no pledge made in the approach, or amidst, of an exciting canvass.

It pledged, to the extent of its ability, for the people it represented, protection, care and advancement to the tried colored citizens who had preferred duty, good government and general interests, to party spoils, insidious artifice, incendiary prejudice and passion, and the dangerous and destructive policy of race antagonism.

It pledged justice to all, and yet invites all colored citizens to join in the contest, never to be ended but with success against tyranny, fraud, corruption and vice—but it did also determine in view of the mad adherence given by the colored race to designing adventurers, of the scornful repulse given to earnest, true and well meant advances of the white race—these advances ever prompted by an anxious desire for the good of both races—of their bitter prejudice and antagonism—of their too frequent lawlessness and violence—that it was idle, futile, undignified, unmanly and hurtful further to coax, fawn upon, or as has sometimes been done, cringe to those who will to be the victims of their betrayers.

It further determined that it was indispensable that the party of peace, order, decency, general prosperity and good government, embracing every patriot, should be perfectly and thoroughly organized, to preserve the fast decaying landmarks, to take advantage of every opportunity, to cherish and nurture something of civil liberty yet to be habilitated with the forms of State government—to guard, at least, the honor of the people, to subserve their material interests—to snatch them from threatening riot, disorder and blood, and to ward from them the fate of St. Domingo.

We think the people of the State may remand their attention and energies to suffering private pursuits, full of hope, energy and confidence, relying upon the facts that, spite of our chaotic condition, the intelligence, virtue and patriotism of *the people* of South Carolina is yet "a power in the land;" that wise conservatism and unflinching firmness will secure us peace and protection in the present and the blessings of good government in the not distant future.

Despair is the craven's refuge, and has no place in the policy recommended by the conference, all of which will soon commend itself to the consideration and approval of all patriotic citizens.—*Camden Journal.*

— Little Delaware did nobly in the recent contest. The Democrats carried every county in the State, and elected all the officers, from Governor to School Director. The Radicals relied upon negroes; the Democrats upon white men. The latter were not disappointed. It was a white man's victory, and the victory will stick like Spaulding's glue. Forney thinks it was a grave mistake on the part of the administration that little Delaware was not overrun with United States soldiers on the day of the election. Forney lacks sense. He ought to know that bayonets and negroes are no match for the white men of the country.

— The Mobile *Register* contains a long account of a most remarkable phenomenon, occurring at a cemetery in the vicinity of that city: A gentle rain, from a clear sky, is said to have fallen for five days upon a group of graves containing the remains of thirteen members of the Lemoine family. The rain is said to have fallen nowhere else save upon these graves, and the phenomenon drew together many people to witness a sight so novel.

— There is an elephant at Canandaigua confined to his bed from croup, rheumatism, bronchitis and general debility. It takes five doctors to attend him, and he takes medicine by the hogshead. Though not a white elephant, he is very pale. The owner wants him to die.

The November Elections.

We have every reason to rejoice over the recent elections. As far as we know, the returns are favorable, and show Radical losses in nearly every State in which elections have been held. Radicalism has, with few exceptions, only held its vantage ground in the States which are controlled by negro votes and negro influence. It is a fitting commentary upon that fast declining party, that in the South, it is kept up by the votes of ignorant negroes, and it is also encouraging to all Conservatives to reflect that their great triumph has been secured despite the corruption, the flattery, the threats and the bribes of a government hedged about with bayonets. Relying upon the honesty, the uprightness and the determination of the people, the great Conservative party of the country (call it what you will) arrayed itself in opposition to usurpation and an abuse of federal power, and proved by a glorious result, the sure ascendancy of intellect, of honesty, of a determined purpose to rule the country as our fathers intended that it should be ruled, by the sovereign people. In a number of States the Democrats (the only national organization opposed to Radicalism) have either increased their majorities or diminished the Radical vote. And it is a significant fact, that where Radicals have been elected by the votes of white people in northern and western States, it has been upon reformed and more liberal ideas of party control. This reformation does not result from any virtuous disposition, but is necessitated by the Conservative triumphs. If the Radical party is distinguished for any one thing more than its venality, it is a wonderful facility in changing front. There is no creation, animal or vegetable, to which it can be compared. We suppose that after this defeat we shall have still another dodge. Some trick will follow up the "expediency" move and the miserable attempt to array men on the old party platforms. We watch them with considerable curiosity. The people at one time were a little confused with the Radical argument, that it would be foolish to elect men to office who were not in accord with the administration; per contra, if a candidate was able and willing to swear himself into office and become a tool in the hands of the administration party he ought to be elected by the people. Many well meaning men were deceived by the strong effort made to identify Radicals and Whigs in one organization, and unite both in a movement against Democracy. But we can congratulate ourselves because of this latest and greatest victory over the powers of Radicalism. Let it incite to renewed exertions, to still greater efforts, to farther progress and greater victories, that the whole country may once more rejoice, as States now rejoice, over a return of Constitutional Government. We shall witness such results in a few years, and with the downfall of the Radical party will come the chagrin and remorse of those poor unfortunate men who sacrificed so much for the hope of getting into office.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Intelligencer.*

Private Letter from Gen. Lee.

The original of the following private letter from General Lee to his son, was found at Arlington House, during the late war. It is interesting as illustrating a phase in his character:

ARLINGTON HOUSE, April 5, 1852.

My Dear Son: I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27 and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness; they have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased as a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgement—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom to obey present duty. Duty, then is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more. Never let me and your mother wear one grey hair for any lack of duty on your part.

R. E. LEE.

G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The bayonet policy of the administration is a retrogade movement. It was condemned and repudiated by England six hundred years ago. It was condemned and repudiated a hundred years ago in this country. It was repudiated by the people of the United States in their revolutionary struggle. The right of military rule was one assumed by the adherents of King Geoge, and denied by the men of 1776. Grant has gone back to just where King George and his Tory defenders stood in 1768. Here is an argument made by Samuel Adams in that year against the position of the Tories of that time. It is as clear and conclusive against the bayonet policy of Grant as though it had been written but two weeks ago instead of one hundred and two years ago:

"No one can pretend to say that the peace and order of the community is so secure with soldiers quartered in the body of a city as without them. Besides, where military power is introduced military maxims are propagated and adopted, which are inconsistent with and must soon eradicate every idea of civil government. Do we not already find some persons weak enough to believe that an officer is bound to obey the order of his superior, though it even be against the law. And let any one consider whether this doctrine does not lead directly even to the setting up that officer, whoever he may be, as a tyrant!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

England and Germany.

A special telegram from London, printed yesterday, gives the distressing news that the whole tide of popular opinion, in England, is running in favor of the French, and that there is now a hearty wish for the repulse of the German armies. This feeling was encouraged by the small affair known as the Battle of Orleans—a French victory which has created indescribable enthusiasm in France, but which is a mere scratch upon the hand of victorious Germany. The surrender of the French armies at Sedan and Metz put it out of the power of France to offer any successful or serious resistance to the German advance. There may be a check here and a repulse there, but, upon the whole, the invading armies will move steadily forward until there is a party strong enough to confess the French defeat, and a government stable enough to make peace and keep it.

But Austria is growling, and England has come to the conclusion that she will be "the next victim of German ambition." There is nothing in the course of events to indicate that the German policy is, or will be, one of wanton aggression. It is conceived to be the mission of King William to unite all the German-speaking peoples of Europe in one mighty government, or under the hegemony of Prussia. This is the objective point to which are directed the thoughts and hopes of every one of the fifteen hundred thousand armed Germans who keep watch and ward in France, and within the borders of Fatherland. And this, sooner or later, will be accomplished; not with a view of building up a military despotism, but to protect the progress of civilization, to enlarge the scope of modern thought, and to lay surely and deeply the broad foundations of constitutional freedom. This consummation England can no more prevent than the word of Canute could halt the crested waves which thundered on the shores of his kingdom.

England has lost her opportunity. An energetic protest from the British Cabinet, at the time of the withdrawal of Prince Leopold as a candidate for the throne of Spain, would have prevented the bloody war which breaks the heart of France, and wreathes with laurels incarnadine the victorious crown of Germany. The Emperor Napoleon, in the face of the remonstrances of England, would not have dared to plunge his people into the sea of troubles which now encompass them. But England was confident that France would be victorious, or that both combatants would so exhaust themselves as to strengthen the commercial power and maritime force of Great Britain. This calculation was an unworthy one. Neither of the belligerents has a particle of respect for the present suggestions of the Cabinet of St. James. And Germany will not allow any power which gave her the cold-shoulder when the fortunes of war were uncertain, to tell her how far she shall go in the day of her surpassing triumph. Germany is well able to manage her own affairs. Forced into the war, compelled to take up the sword, she will make peace upon her own terms, though all the rest of Europe were banded together to wrest from her the material guarantees which she holds as the prizes of successful war. Germany is anxious for a firm and lasting peace, but the terms of peace will be determined by her own ministers, and not by a government which she neither loves nor fears.—*Charleston News.*

THE EUROPEAN WAR AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE TRADE OF THIS COUNTRY.—There is a great diversity of opinion as to the probable effect of the early adjustment of war differences in Europe on our trade with those countries, as well as on the national credit, as evinced in the prices of United States bonds. All our corporate securities, or nearly all, are reported without sale abroad. The activity that is likely to follow peace, it is thought, will create a demand for money, and to this end even Government bonds will be sent home and realized on, and thus narrowing the market, will lessen their prices. If the premises of this kind of reasoning were really conceded as true, such a result might be admitted. But there is no probability that there will be in any ever an immediate demand for money there in the industrial pursuits. Our war was followed by moderately easy money markets all over the country, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be materially different with the warring countries of Europe. Much of property has been destroyed, and production in the meantime has ceased, but it is to be remembered that many consumers have been removed, and a much greater number so reduced in means as to necessarily narrow them to the smallest possible expenditures. Any change in trade interests abroad will be slow; not faster than the demand for consumption, with which the necessary capital will keep up without materially disturbing investment securities, paying so liberally and certainly as do our gold bearing bonds. It may be some time, before there is a demand for the more uncertain loans of companies, and those now held abroad as so generally out of credit here at home, that they would take little of our means away if they should be returned and sold. Peace itself, is still quite uncertain. There are thickening rumours of intended mediation between Prussia and France, and dispatches from London, Vienna and Tours point, with various degrees of definiteness, to the combined action of England, Austria, and Italy in favor of an armistice; but we see nothing in it all to justify the hope that this action will be of a character to extort respect from Prussia. A mere recommendation will amount to nothing. Prussia is too intent upon the accomplishment of a purpose to heed the proposals of outside Powers, under a leadership which shrinks from every thing but the most timid and harmless diplomacy. There is no peace yet, and when it comes, United States trade interests and United States credit will be all right.—*Public Ledger.*

— Jurics are often imposed upon. They are sometimes required to solve problems of one sort or another that would run a philosopher crazy. For instance, twelve of our peers now hearing a murder case in Michigan have had this conundrum submitted to them for solution: "Suppose a ligneous substance, more or less saturated with hæmatin or hæmato-globulin, be subjected to the action of glycerine, reduced to the specific gravity of 1030, placed on a microscopic slide with a one-third objective, magnifying 1,000 times, the soluble part having been first dissolved in distilled water, and subjected to a stream of oxygen gas bubbled through it, and allowed to soak 40 hours, would or would not the result be an oblong parallelogrammatic crystalization of mammalian corpulcles, and if so, was the original proprietor bipedal, quadrupedal, or pentapedal in his anatomical contour?" The friends of the jury have telegraphed the nearest lunatic asylum to have accommodations prepared for twelve by the time the trial is over.—*N. Y. World.*

— A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

— A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross. He Teased her until she agreed not to be Cross any more.